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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

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THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued, annually, as a four page tract adapted to seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page paper, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20 for a LOAN LIBRARY may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

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It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give *annual* notices of their desire for its continuance.

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Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

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The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:—

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, *at the same time*, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

SAILORS' ^{THE} MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 69,

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No. 8.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

THE GRAVE-YARD OF THE SEA.*

Two hundred crafts have gone to death
Upon the sands of Sable Isle;
Some smote by winter's icy breath,
Some lured by summer's siren smile.

The merchantmen that from the East
Rich silks and flashing jewels bring,
Or tropics' fruit for those who feast,
Their treasures on this island fling.

And men-of-war that in the fight
As "mistress of the seas" were known,
Helpless before this monster's might,
The vassalage of death must own.

Thus has this island come to be,
As years their rapid flight have sped,
The mighty "Grave-Yard of the Sea,"
Where sleep unmarked her nameless
dead. J. E. HURLBUT.

* The "Romance of Commerce" says, "Since the founding of the Humane Establishment on this island in 1802, its register shows the names of nearly two hundred vessels that have come to their undoing on these fatal sands."

VICTORIA.

In the remotest region of the seas
Where the full tide-wave sweeps,
Bringing along all shores and all degrees
Murmur of awful deeps,
Wherever the far sails go to and fro,
Where the four winds like four great
trumpets blow
Her happy name,
Out of the gray, out of the dark, love
leaps
Up like a flame.

And as the tide-wave bearing its broad
swells
In farthest bends and bays,
Softly and silently and slowly wells,
And fills all salt sea ways,
So reflux again returns the tide
Of hearts' devotion gathering far and wide
As winds are blown,
To break with sweet spent fall these sum-
mer days
About her throne.

And here, where East and West the seas keep guard,
 And their blue surges pour
 —Holding the outposts with bright watch and ward—
 In thunders down our shore,
 Great Empress of a mighty people's life,
 Sweet woman, tender mother, widowed wife,
 With sorrows crossed,
 The hearts are hers that in the battle's roar
 Were long-time lost!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, in' *The Congregationalist*.

THE TWO ANCHORS.

It was a gallant sailor man
 Had just come home from sea,
 And as I passed him in the town
 He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
 I stopped, and saw I knew the man—
 Had known him from a boy;
 And so I answered, sailor-like,
 "Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
 I made a song for him one day—
 His ship was then in sight—
 "The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip.
 "So you are back again?"
 They say you have been pirating
 Upon the Spanish Main;
 Or was it some rich Indiaman
 You robbed of all her pearls?
 Of course you have been breaking hearts
 Of poor Kanaka girls!"
 "Wherever I have been," he said,
 "I kept my ship in sight—
 'The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right.'"

"I heard last night that you were in;
 I walked the wharves to-day,
 But saw no ship that looked like yours.
 Where does the good ship lay?
 I want to go on board of her."
 "And so you shall," said he;

"But there are many things to do
 When one comes home from sea.
 You know the song you made for me?
 I sing it morn and night—
 'The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right!'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
 "Come home with me," he said.
 "Go on, go on; I follow you."
 I followed where he led.
 He had a pleasant little house;
 The door was open wide,
 And at the door the dearest face—
 A dearer one inside!
 He hugged his wife and child: he sang—
 His spirits were so light—
 "The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right."

'Twas supper-time and we sat down—
 The sailor's wife and child,
 And he and I: he looked at them,
 And looked at me, and smiled.
 "I think of this when I am tossed
 Upon the stormy foam,
 And though a thousand leagues away,
 Am anchored here at home."
 Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
 "I see in dreams at night
 This little anchor on my left,
 This great one on my right!"

R. H. STODDARD, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury was a man of high ideals. He wrote in his diary "O God, bless our land to Thy service, and make every ship an ark of Noah to bear the Church of Christ and the tidings of salvation over all the waters of the ocean." "Every ship" on "all the waters;" not each carrying a converted sailor or two, but each a Church of Christ. The Church's Missions, as a cause contains the reason of its effect. A true Christian has the missionary spirit by necessary consequence, and true Christianity abhors the sentiment that sailors are "too bad to be noticed." Its true motto is "Every sailor for Christ and every ship a church."

THE Diamond Jubilee of Queen VICTORIA is being utilized by all the British benevolent societies in raising money. The Seamen's Societies are especially calling on the British public for memorial subscriptions in behalf of their noble work among sailors. And well they may; for the mercantile marine of Great Britain is an immense field for philanthropic and Christian effort. Hear the president of the Board of Trade, speaking at the Chamber of Shipping dinner. He said :

It was happily the custom this year to speak of the advantages the country had obtained from the long and happy reign of Her Majesty the Queen. Their thoughts were naturally directed this year to the growth of the shipping industry during the Victorian era. In 1836 the Shipping Register consisted of 19,269 sailing vessels and 554 steamships, with a total tonnage of 2,312,000 tons. In 1895 the shipping in the Register consisted of 12,335 sailing vessels and 8,356 steam vessels, with a tonnage of 8,960,000 tons.

That did not adequately represent the enormous growth in the shipping industry of the country, because in 1836 almost the whole of the ships were sailing ships, and in 1895 the enormous majority of the tonnage of ships came from steamships. The carrying power of this country during the same period had increased elevenfold, but there was this peculiar fact, that although the carrying power had increased to that enormous extent, the actual number of vessels had hardly increased at all. That showed the enormous increase in recent years in the size of vessels.

In 1837 the largest British sailing ship was the *Earl of Balcarres*, with a tonnage of 1,448 tons; in 1897 the largest British sailing ship had a tonnage of 3,537 tons. In 1837 the largest British steamer was the *Great Western*, with a tonnage of 1,320, whilst in 1897 our largest steamer was the *Lucania*, with a tonnage of 13,000, a length of 558 feet, and a breadth of 60 feet. There was a still more gigantic vessel in prospect, for one of his friends at that dinner was engaged in building a leviathan, which would be 680 feet in length, 68 feet in width, and would have a tonnage of 15,000, and its cost would be £600,000. If they looked at the entries and clearances in the United Kingdom in the foreign trade in the years 1836 and 1895, it would be found that in 1836 there were cleared 42,700 vessels with 7,000,000 net tons, and in 1895, 121,400 with 80,500,000 net tons.

Then if they took the last twenty years they would find an enormous development. In 1875 the shipping on the register of the United Kingdom showed 20,800 sailing vessels representing 4,000,000 tons, and 4,200 steamers representing 2,000,000 tons, whereas in 1895 we had 12,000 sailing vessels representing 2,800,000 tons, and 8,000 steam vessels representing 6,200,000 tons, or 9,000,000 tons in all. From those figures it would be seen that our carrying power had increased elevenfold and our entries and clearances had increased by the same amount since the Queen's accession, whilst within the last twenty years our carrying power had increased 50 per cent., and our entries and clearances 75 per cent.

The vastness of the shipping industry would be recognized when they knew that at present, on a register of shipping representing 9,000,000 tons, nearly a quarter of a million sailors were employed, and that a capital was invested in the trade which it was difficult to estimate. The shipping industry was one of the greatest in the country, and to it as a national industry the nation was peculiarly bound.

ON the Forty-fourth Anniversary of the Mariners' Family Asylum on Staten Island, held on June 24, besides the usual exercises there was a flag-raising with appropriate addresses. The lofty pole and the beautiful flag were and deserve to be much admired. Sailors in the service are wont to value the flag, and out of the service it speaks to them as it does not to others. Mr. ELWELL and his fellow-members in the board of counsel are to be congratulated on the happy exercises of June 24.

FEW of this Society's missionaries have seen each other, nevertheless, they are friends, and even brothers. Therefore no one of them can pass into the other world without being missed and mourned by the surviving members of the sacred guild. If the regret is in proportion to the religious character and efficient work of the chaplain taken away, as it is sure to be, their sorrow will heart-deep on learning that the Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, of Helsingborg, Sweden, fell asleep on June 6. Further intelligence of this event will be received from the Rev. A. WOLLESEN. Mr. WAHLSTEDT entered the service of this Society on January 1, 1871, and has ever since commanded its approbation and confidence because of his earnest faith and devoted work. At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees Mr. WM. C. STURGES, who had visited Mr. WAHLSTEDT in his home, made some tender remarks and offered a resolution of condolence with his family, which was heartily adopted.

LOAN LIBRARIES. The master of the schooner *Walter M. Young* writes of No. 9,549 :

I appreciate them very much, and as a rule sailors do. A very frequent inquiry is, "Can I have a book from the library?"

The master of the schooner *Walleda* writes of No. 9,691 :

I have this library now about two years; no doubt it is short of the number of books I received, as sailors are borrowing them from time to time, and we cannot take care of them. You may depend I am thankful to receive such whenever your good will is good enough to send them on board.

The master of the bark *Rebecca Crowell* writes of No. 9,758 :

Your library has been on the bark *Rebecca Crowell* for five years and has been read by a great many seamen, I trust to their advantage.

The master of the bark *Holliswood* writes of No. 10,249 :

It has been read with much interest by my officers and crew. I am sure that every book has been read and I have been obliged to lend some of them to other ships.

The master of the bark *Spartan* writes of No. 10,302 :

We wish to mention to you the interest taken by the members of our crew in reading the very interesting books placed on board one year ago; more especially would I mention those relating to historical subjects and books of travel, which were very much appreciated during our recent voyage to New Zealand. Trusting the present library may prove as interesting as the last, we are with much respect yours.

The master of the bark *Alice* writes of No. 10,304 :

Your valuable library which you put on board the bark *Alice* has been read with interest by us all. It has served to pass away many lonesome hours at sea which otherwise would have been dreary. Many thanks for the benefit it has been to the lonely sailor, and may you be prospered in your benevolent work is the wish of a reader.

The master of the ship *Sea Witch* writes of No. 10,325 :

It contains a nice selection of books, of which every one has been read by officers and crew. They have proven both interesting and instructive, and I sincerely hope have also left some impression which may grow and bear fruit. Inclosed find \$5, to be used as the Society may see fit.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

“FRAM”—FORWARD!

BY REV. JOHN H. EDWARDS, D.D.

The name of Dr. Nansen's stanch ship gave him and his brave comrades the motto of their expedition. The book which describes its fortunes, “Farthest North,” is a most interesting record of a daring venture for a worthy end, with valuable results. In itself a thrilling story of manly endeavor and achievement, giving instructive lessons in science and seamanship, it should also be an inspiration to brave and useful living, and may furnish helpful suggestions how to avoid failure and win success in life.

First and foremost, a true life must have a right purpose.

"Fram"—*forward!* is a grand motto, but real success depends on Whither? and Why? Nansen did no drifting at random. He harnessed the boundless ice-fields of the frozen North to his bark, and made the resistless forces of nature his servants to bring him on his chosen route to his desired haven. Man is indeed a puny, helpless being in contrast and conflict with the mighty powers of the universe. But it is a craven and a foolish thing to let go one's grip on life and allow circumstances to carry one at their will, with no attempt to guide or govern them. A purposeless life is the life not worth living. Drift or *drive*—which shall it be?

But *whither?* Nansen had a definite purpose, or he would have done nothing worth doing. He meant to get as far north as possible and learn all he could about the unknown region towards the Pole. Had he set out with only the general intention to spend a few years in a safeship with plenty of provisions aboard, and have a good time as he sailed, his name would not have made a ripple on the sea of human history, and his life would so far have been wasted. But he had an end in view from the very first, which shaped his whole course in every particular and drew him on to success. His purpose was one worth accomplishing. Its successful issue has written his name among the benefactors of mankind. Is it necessary to point out, in contrast, the folly of an aimless life, or the necessity of a high and useful purpose, if we are to make our lives successful in a true sense?

Fruitless as the *Fram's* voyage was in immediate, tangible gain, compare with it a piratical or slave-trading expedition, or even a mere-

ly money-making or pleasure-seeking cruise, and the supreme value of a noble, unselfish purpose in life appears sharply defined. The Russian traders whom Nansen found robbing the poor Samoyedes of their hard-won peltries for a pretended equivalent in vile brandy, which made them temporary maniacs, were at the other extreme from him and his faithful crew in either the moral or the sociological scale. To call such "merchants" sharks would be a libel on that finny tribe. True, the Samoyede ideal of happiness is only too common on land or sea. But it is plain that only that theory of life or rule of conduct should be adopted which, put in practice by all men, would make the world the best possible place for all to live in.

A most important "Fram" lesson is that sure progress looks two ways, backward as well as forward. Wisdom is a compound of experience and experiment. "First be sure you're right, then go ahead!" The man who pushes on without regard to what the experience of other men and other generations can teach is bound to wreck his craft very soon. Nansen had independence enough to form and follow an entirely new scheme of arctic exploration; but he learned all he possibly could from the experience of those who had gone before him. Whatever history or science or the superior skill or knowledge of others could teach, he was most ready to adopt. Previous failures and successes both gave him valuable lessons, because he went to the bottom of them, learned their "reason why," and shaped his conduct accordingly.

Is there greater folly in practical life than that of staving ahead without regard to the lessons of the past? In business, in politics,

in matrimony, in science and in religion the beginning of wisdom is to light our own torch at the lamp of experience. We need not pay the full tuition in the dear school of personal experience, if wise enough to profit by that of generations gone before. The Bible is the condensed extract of this kind of wisdom, bearing the trade-mark of divine authority. Foolish indeed are those who, with but one life to live, refuse or neglect this source of infallible guidance through its tangled maze of difficulty and danger. Every one must choose and steer his own course, but God's Word is the chart which lays down every rock and shoal, every current and harbor, just where it is. It never fails, it never deceives. Why not take it as the guide of our life-voyage, and consult it all the way to port?

Another lesson from the *Fram* is the value of good and sufficient preparation for the course of life. Never was there a vessel built with such careful planning, and with such provision for every emergency of the dangerous expedition proposed. Every resource of the ship-builder's art was taxed to make an ice-proof vessel. Shape, material, work, everything was the very best for the purpose. The ship's sides, 24 to 28 inches of solid, water-tight, seasoned wood, rounded as they were, would both resist and slip out of the hostile ice; "but to make it still stronger the inside was shored up in every possible way, so that the hold looks like a cabinet of balks, stanchions and braces." The result was that the vessel bore the shocks and pressures of the grinding ice-fields as no other had done, and came out of its three years' battle with the frigid foe as strong as when it entered the fray.

If this does not teach the value of *character*, fit and strong, for the long, hard, dangerous struggle against the hostile forces of life, nothing human can. The building of the *Fram* was an object lesson to teach the youth of our generation, at least, some important lessons in character-building. Colin Archer, the framer of the valiant ship, will go down to posterity along with Fridtjof-Nansen, as the copartner in the enterprise who gave the dauntless navigator the chief means of his victory. The parent, teacher or pastor who fits a young man, mentally and morally, for a successful career deserves a large part, perhaps the largest, of the credit for the good done by the object of their training. But character is not made, like a ship, of passive materials. Every soul is its own builder. Others may offer a plan and help in many ways towards its realization; but character is self-made, if worth anything when made.

The qualities shown by the *Fram's* captain and crew are to be commended to every young man, to every sailor, to every human being with a character to form. What will-force there was in each of that little party! What courage, what persistence, what honesty, what kindliness, what fidelity, what cheerfulness, what faith in God and each other!

Of all these qualities, each deserving special attention, the last was perhaps most striking, and, after all, most important. There is indeed a regrettable lack of the distinct recognition of divine Providence in the published records of the expedition. The spirit of science seems to be more honored than the Father of spirits. Yet all genuine science is but the human reading of God's thoughts

and ways in nature. Nansen's confidence in the laws and forces of nature was nothing but confidence in a "faithful Creator" whose unchangeable laws rule in all parts of the universe and can be trusted by all creatures. The very driftwood on the coast of Greenland which proved to him the existence of an Arctic current from east to west, speaks of the Being whose reasonable will the winds and waves obey.

The absolute confidence of Nansen's men in their commander should teach the lesson of Christian faith as towards the Captain of our salvation. Hear the faithful Pettersen when he begged Nansen to let him go with him on the perilous sledge trip towards the Pole: "With you I shouldn't be afraid. It would never do if we had to manage alone. But it's quite a different thing, you see, when there's one to lead that you know has been through it all before." Can not every Christian, looking to his divine Master, echo those very words? "It is extraordinary," adds Nansen in his diary, "the blind faith these men have in their leader." If they in him, a man liable to err, why not we in our divine Leader who cannot err, and who is able to save unto the uttermost?

The health, bodily and mental, of the party, and the success of the expedition will be traced in no small degree by observant readers to the fact that the Sunday rest was observed throughout. We do not read, as of the Ross Expedition, that religious services were maintained; yet the memories and influences of the day, together with the religious books which probably found a place in the well-selected library on board, must have given an upward turn to mind and heart

most cheering and strengthening under the circumstances. Let it be noted that the expedition sailed from a Christian land and was followed by the prayers of a multitude of devout hearts. The old Northmen, pagan ancestors of these modern Vikings, were wont to swarm out from their ports to harry the coasts of western and southern Europe, ravaging, robbing, killing, burning, till their name was a terror to children for centuries. The Norwegian sailors who went in quest of the North Pole in 1893 were not a whit less daring or hardy, but their errand was to benefit mankind, to enlarge the limits of human knowledge, and so to bless all coming generations. Their unselfish, kindly, noble character was in utter contrast with the rampant, sordid inhumanity of their ancestors. Christianity has made the difference. If the expedition did not, like the far less honorable Crusades, set forth in the professed name of Christ, it was a shining example, in motive and conduct, of the spirit of Christ, which rules more and more the history of enlightened nations.

The very persistence of those brave fellows and their unconquerable leader, in the face of difficulties which would have daunted common men, illustrated not only the Viking strain in their nature, but also the same quality in Christian heroism, not strange among any people where Christ is known and followed. Nansen met every peril and discouragement with a "must." In setting out on that incredibly toilsome sledge journey Poleward he wrote: "I believe it is my duty to make the venture, and I cannot imagine any difficulty when our choice lies between death—and onward and home."

To the victorious end, *Fram—onward!* was his motto, and duty his battle-word. To the Christian the words duty and home should

have impelling and drawing power that will keep him ever moving onward, upward, heavenward.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

“'BOUT SHIP.”

BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER A. V. WADHAMS, U. S. N.

Hopkins served with me on board the U. S. S. *Nipsic*, in the Mediterranean, in 1880 and 1881. He was considered a leading man among the ship's company; there was hardly a man on board that could equal him as a topman, and none tried to equal him in swearing.

Before the *Nipsic* sailed for Europe some of the petty officers asked one of the officers to form a temperance society among them. From that request sprang the *Nipsic* Temperance Society, which was the means of doing much temporary and some lasting good. As one officer remarked, “If the *Nipsic* Temperance Society did no more than to keep one of the sailors from one rough liberty, it was a success.”

Out of the temperance society grew a Bible class on Sunday afternoon and gospel meetings on the Wednesday nights that were not the society nights. Among the attendants Hopkins was noticed, first, in the back seats, where many crowded under the hammocks, and then in the front seats. Soon after Hopkins began to be a regular attendant at the meetings it was noticed that he was particularly interested, and he was heard to say, “I have decided to 'bout ship. For many years I have served the devil, hereafter I want to serve God.” At once he wanted a Bible, and until the day of his death it was his constant study.

As soon as Hopkins expressed his decision to “'bout ship,” he wanted to make a public profession of his faith in God and in Jesus as his Saviour. That was done with the simple earnestness of a Christian sailor. Most of the ship's company were present at the meeting, and Hopkins stood and said, “Shipmates, I stand here to confess my belief in Jesus Christ. I have served the devil with a will for many years, but I hope and believe all that is past. What I want to do now is to serve God better than I did the devil, for now I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour.”

It was but a few weeks after Hopkins' conversion that the *Nipsic* was anchored at Hyères. During a gale the light yards and masts were sent down, and their rigging secured at the topmast head. With the heavy rolling of the ship in the roadstead of Hyères the rigging worked adrift. A maintopman was ordered aloft to secure it and Hopkins was the first to go aloft in obedience to the order. While securing the rigging the ship rolled heavily to starboard, Hopkins lost his hold and fell head foremost from the topmast cross-trees. He struck the side of the ship, then the water, and his body sunk immediately.

Upon the fly-leaf of his Bible was found in Hopkins' handwriting, “I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour.”

BRITISH SEAMEN ABROAD.

BY A COMMANDER R. N.

[In addition to the articles contributed by "A Commander R. N." to this Magazine, it is thought best to transfer to its pages his elaborate article in the *United Service Magazine*. It is slightly condensed. What is said by him in regard to British seamen is instructive in regard to American.—ED.]

How easily men-of-war'smen could be degraded by means of a bad pay system was indignantly portrayed in the Standing Order of 5th June, 1860, issued by its Commander-in-Chief to the Mediterranean Fleet, which showed what sort of character the naval system of that period sometimes manufactured out of the respectable well-conducted lads entrusted to its training. The order reads: "by indecent, drunken, swaggering behavior, some men at Gibraltar and elsewhere made themselves very recently a nuisance to the residents. Persons who persist in such conduct must be deprived of the opportunity of annoying the inhabitants of the place they may be at, and of bringing shame upon the service. What can be more disreputable to English crews than that an English community should have cause to look upon their presence with disgust and their departure with satisfaction? And these are the feelings entertained at the places referred to, owing to the conduct of some of the men of a few of the ships, not of the sailors, but of those who are wrongfully so called."

The admiral who wrote that order was the ablest disciplinarian of his day, and he was not sparing in the use of his authority. But the late John Bright's saying, "Force is no remedy," applied even here. Pickets paraded the streets to carry off the drunken men; but police

regulations failed. The causes had to be sought out. A second Sunday service was introduced; daily united prayer became general; Bible-classes were more frequent. Religion became more of a personal reality. The statesman also was wanted in the Royal Navy. Prevention is better than cure. The continuous service system had been then recently introduced. The Accountant-General was called in. The admiralty pay arrangements were altered. Commanding officers also found it well to provide for proper recreations ashore; to get into communication with local lands-folk who were ready and desirous to cater for "liberty men" on holiday; to land the men earlier in the day; and to encourage them to return at night to sleep on board their ships. The Royal Naval Scripture Reader's Society was now founded and worked exclusively by naval officers. On other special stations, under the deferred payments of wages, desertions from ships-of-war were not uncommon. In some ports abroad armed boats rowing round ships-of-war, and sentries with rifles loaded with ball cartridge to prevent crews swimming ashore, were not unknown. But "force was no remedy." The cat existed in those days, but the cat failed. All these things are of the past, but they are well within the lives of officers still on the Active List of the Navy.

The admiralty changed the mode of treating seamen. Altered pay arrangements and continuous service were amongst the chief means of working great moral changes. Frequent payment of wages means manageable amounts at a time to spend. Men-of-war'smen are poorly paid, but employment is continuous. Seven-eighths of their wages are paid monthly if in a sea-going ship, and weekly if in a harbor ship, and the whole sum is paid up each quarter. Savings banks on board receive the spare money which, if the ship be in open water, the seamen may not be able to spend; and the monthly allotment to banks, or relatives or others ashore, disposes of more.

The influence of the pay system on the character of the crews in the mercantile marine is also apparent. As a rule, those who are continuously employed to man ships going short runs along our own coasts, or across the Channel, in the coasting or in the home-and-foreign trades, are paid either weekly or by the run. In either case the payments are frequent and consequently small, and the employment is nearly continuous. The men in these trades are, therefore, exempt from the attentions of crimps. The short-voyage system usually makes the crews steady, respectable men. So also with the yachting crews, who are generally paid frequently, and therefore in small amounts. So nobody expects to find swarms of crimps at Cowes or Dover, any more than at Portsmouth or Devonport. Yachting crews are generally sober, respectable seamen.

It is when we come to the long-voyage merchant seamen and firemen, so frequently changing their employers and their ships, and uncertain of getting work, that

we get the migratory class for whom the crimp has a special affinity. Why so? The man-of-war's man who goes for a three-years' voyage to the Mediterranean, the China seas, or the Pacific, is in no degree inferior in moral character to his comrade who serves in the Channel Fleet. It is not then the mere length of the voyage which degrades the man and creates the crimp. If it were mere contact with foreign lands or heathen races that debase the man, then men-of-war's men serving abroad would equally suffer from these causes.

There are many splendid British crews in the foreign-going trade. Under favorable conditions long voyages are great opportunities for germinating shipmate-like brotherhood, establishing a happy discipline, fostering devotional habits, and promoting sailor-like attachment to the ships. Still, it is in that trade, in which wages are withheld, and not amongst the crews making short runs and receiving frequent payments of wages, that self-respecting Englishmen most often give place to foreigners of many continents, and that "desertions," crimping, vice, and poverty are most frequently found.

In what is it that the conditions of the life of the long-voyage merchant seaman and fireman differ from those of the short-voyage merchant sailors, from the yachtsmen and from the men-of-war's men? Is it not mainly in the uncertain engagements and in the pay arrangements which make it difficult for respectable Englishmen to serve in the foreign trade?

The Board of Trade, with parliamentary authority, have greatly improved the pay arrangements of the mercantile marine in many

ways. Every such change has brought a corresponding moral elevation of the merchant sailor, a starving to a certain degree of crimps and of depredators generally, by rendering them unnecessary, and a proportionate moral cleansing of those of the mercantile seaports in which long-voyage crews are paid off. Thrift has thus been advanced, and the merchant sailor of to-day is, morally and physically, vastly the superior of the last generation.

The Board of Trade regulations as to the withholding and paying of wages are dependent on Parliament, many of whose members are personally interested in ship-owning, or owe their position in the House of Commons, in some degree, to the votes of ship-owners or of the crimping class; whilst the voteless sailors of the mercantile marine, who are the sufferers, are very slightly represented in either House. It is no wonder then that even the improved pay arrangements are not all that, presumably, the Board of Trade and merchant sailors would wish them to be. They do not touch, for example, the sore point that the foreign-going merchant sailor is the only wage-earning workman, by land or sea, who may be kept out of his earned wages for many months, or even for a year or two, no interest being paid on his money, which may meanwhile be productively used by his employer for trading purposes. If a heavy percentage were payable on wages unpaid at the end of each month, the supposed difficulties in the way of monthly payments to a savings bank, contemplated by the merchant Shipping Act of 1894, section 141,* for any part not exceeding one half of the monthly wage, would speedily disappear.

As it is, in the vast majority of engagements at the shipping offices this law is not in operation even as to relatives, and is still more rarely so as to banks. So that sums of £30 to £80 are frequently withheld from the workman, to be paid only on discharge, one or two days after dismissal from his ship. If payment monthly to a savings bank were made compulsory, some of the removable evils which curse life in the long-voyage portion of the British merchant service, and often bar such voyages to respectable Englishmen, would vanish.

Moreover, the ameliorations, which Parliament have wisely enacted of late years, of the singular system of withholding seamen's wages for the whole duration of long voyages, extend only to crews discharged in the United Kingdom. In ports abroad, British merchant sailors are still the victims of many degrading influences engendered by the unmitigated pay system for which Parliament has made itself responsible.

As a sample of the foul fruits of bad arrangements, the British consul at Bilbao wrote officially, in 1887, to Her Majesty's Ambassador at Madrid, of the 30,000 British merchant seamen who annually frequent Bilbao, as "the most drunken, quarrelsome, obnoxious class of men in the world . . . of the misconduct and ruffianism of our sailors, . . . and of the need of Spanish police restraint on British seamen, and

* Section 141 says: "Where the agreement is required to be made in a form approved by the Board of Trade, the seaman may require that a stipulation be inserted in the agreement for the allotment by means of an allotment note, of any part (not exceeding one-half) of his wages in favor either a near relative or of a Savings' Bank."

protection and safety to numerous respectable Spanish and English residents in the districts where the bulk of the shipping is concentrated, and where the British seaman is at present suffered to outrage order and decency with impunity."

This strong language of the consul was regarded by the managers of the Bilbao shipping trade as a new version of the old story of the excited little boy who ran into his parental house crying out, "Mother, mother, there are a thousand cats in our back yard!" but who, being admonished as to the possibility of juvenile arithmetic being somewhat inaccurate, insisted that there were, at least, "our cat and another." However, there is no question but that drunkenness did prevail amongst British crews trading with Bilbao to a most exceptional extent. And the British consul would hardly have exceeded his official duty had he patiently inquired, in an intelligent manner, into the *causes* which produced the exceptional "misconduct and ruffianism of our sailors" within his jurisdiction, instead of going into unmeaning hysterics.

The consul might thus have found out that the great majority of the men who composed the crews in the Bilbao trade were not seamen at all. However, whether sailors or not, they were under the British flag, and within his official charge as an administrator of the system at fault. These vessels were not provisioned in the usual way; but, as so called "weekly boats," each seaman and fireman received weekly a sum of money in lieu of provisions. Instead of the crew clubbing together as one mess and appointing a

caterer, each man went ashore in Spain to purchase his daily food. The river-side publicans at Bilbao are literally licensed victuallers, selling both food and intoxicants. So that the seaman or fireman, who wished to buy bread or groceries, or salt meat, etc., had to go into a Spanish public house to obtain them. Here he often met the crews of other British ships. What so likely to occur in a foreign land, as that such meetings of fellow-countrymen and comrades should result in "standing treat;" and that the fiery liquids should get into the heads of "men of strength" unaccustomed at sea "to mingle strong drink." In their ships also, the ancient custom of the sea for united worship on board was not observed, and no steps were taken by the captains or officers to warn them, as a sailor of old was warned, to "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

The crews in the Bilbao shipping trade were, probably, no worse than those of other ports, but were victims of the peculiar pay arrangements, which the British consul himself helped to administer, and which turned Protestant Englishmen into what he styled "the most drunken, quarrelsome, and obnoxious class of men in the world."

(To be continued.)

CHRIST'S speech was not the mere words of a human being, but the breakers of the Everlasting Love itself as they rolled in and shattered themselves on this bank and shoal of time.—*Robertson Nicoll.*

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS!

Those of my readers who have travelled long distances by sea will remember how lightly, as a rule, the passengers sleep, and how even a slight noise becomes magnified in the stillness of the night. There is always a possibility of accidents, and few of the passengers seem to forget the thinness of the planks which divide them from the deep sea around. And so, let some irregular noise salute the ear, and all are at once on the alert, expecting something to come of it. Of course, for the most part, nothing does come of it, but now and then the odd noise is followed by the rushing of many feet, and the hoarse cry resounding through the vessel from stem to stern, "All hands to the pumps!"

What this means any novice can tell you. It means that the ship has sprung a leak, that the water is filling the hold, and that either the water must go or the vessel. It means that there must be a conflict between man and the ocean, and that for a time human energy will have to run a neck-and-neck race with the intruding waters.

Now all this is to my mind a parable, and a very instructive parable too.

There was a great statesman who spoke of dirt as "matter in the wrong place." Certainly, salt water in the ship is water in the wrong place. And when you come to ponder the subject, you will see that all danger and wrong implies something out of place. A fire in the grate is right enough, but a fire on the hearth-rug calls for prompt interference.

And so it is with man's nature. It is when evil finds its way into the heart that it becomes sin to

us. Sin is simply the will out of its place. Worldliness is the world within, and therefore in its wrong place. The thief represents a hand out of place; the libeller, a tongue out of place; the deserter, a foot out of place; the backslider, a heart out of place. It is because the water is out of place that the cry rings out, "All hands to the pumps!"

When I look at the scene of confusion which such a call brings before the mind's eye, and hear the summons, "All hands to the pumps," I see an illustration of the truth that the most important things should be done first. With the water gaining so fast it would be a supremely foolish thing for any of the hands to have turned their energies in some other direction. The sails, the rudder, the dirty decks, the meals, are altogether minor matters now. To save the ship must be the first duty. Precisely so.

When a man neglects his sinking soul for business or pleasure, is he not attending to the less important matter first? To get the sin out of the soul, to reverse the soul's danger, is surely a more important enterprise than to make a few extra pounds. And so let the cry ring out among the perishing, sinking souls of men, "All hands to the pumps!"

It is an old proverb, and a very true one, that "God helps those who help themselves." I have heard of strong men at such seasons of danger going down on their knees to pray. Prayer is an excellent remedy, but it was never intended to excuse a man from work. "All hearts out to God" is a necessary cry, and so is "All hands to the pumps!" And they

are not contradictory either. For is it not easy to pray as well as work? Yes, the work will be all the better done for the mingling with it of prayer to the Lord.

Then I seem to see in our subject a truth which often escapes the notice of men, and that is that where there is danger and need everybody should do their part. "All hands to the pumps?" It is of no good for one to say, "There are plenty to help without me. Let the strongest men turn to and work. I'm only a weak one. It is little that I can do."

This kind of talk is only too common, and it is as harmful as it is common. I hope none of my readers ever put forth such lazy excuses. Where there is enough work for all, where there is work which the weakest can assist in doing, where the salvation of a ship or a soul is concerned, how dare we put forth such a plea for doing nothing? My dear reader, what are doing to save the world? Are you leaving it for somebody else to do, some neighbor or some minister? Shame on you! for are you not doing with regard to the world what the idle sailor is doing, loafing about while the ship is sinking, while others are doing their main best in taking their own share of the work and his too?

There is one thought with regard to the pumps which this sub-

ject also suggests to my mind. The pumps are provided and are all ready for use, requiring only the strength of willing arms and hands. No one is called upon to rig up some contrivance for getting rid of the water, for the results of straining the mind in the direction of some original invention would be disastrous to all on board.

Of course, no one would be so foolish as to ignore the authorized pumps when the summons comes. But the trouble is that in religious matters people do this very thing; they ignore God's way of salvation, and tax their ingenuity to discover some other way of being saved, as if they could ever invent a better Saviour than Jesus the Son of God.

When I see the rush of the imperilled seamen in the direction of the pumps, and, moreover, see the water gradually diminishing until every drop is gone and the ship is saved, I see in the picture another scene, still more thrilling—the rush of endangered souls to the cross of the Redeemer.

"All hands to the pumps" will possibly save the ship and all the precious lives on board, but "All hearts to the cross" will certainly secure the salvation of the soul if the hearts coming have but simple faith in the welcoming Saviour.—*Charles Courtenay, in Friendly Greetings.*

THE STORM ON THE LAKE.

That night-storm on the Lake of Galilee, which is described in the fourteenth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, pictures many an experience in the Christian life. For weary hours the disciples have been toiling at the oars in the teeth of the tempest. All the

strength of the fishermen's brawny arms can scarcely push forward the little boat against the angry waves—for "the wind was contrary."

Yet that fierce head-wind proved to be a blessing; and in the experience of many a disciple of

Christ it has been found equally true. A career of unbroken prosperity is fraught with danger. It breeds pride and self-conceit. When we are seeking for what we want we call upon God; after we have got it we too often give ourselves the credit. The ten lepers all prayed for relief from their misery. After they were healed, only one of the number returned to give thanks to their Divine Healer.

The root of sin is a determination to have our own way in disregard of God. Our Heavenly Father will not consent to this. He sees that it would not be best even for a Christian to lay his own plans, choose his own way, and always have a smooth sea over which to carry them into execution. Wherefore He sometimes sends a stiff head-wind into our faces for our own good as well as for His own glory. Let us look at some of the blessings of "contrary winds."

It is a familiar fact that the loftiest careers have usually begun from lowly births and early trials. No greater mischief can befall any young person than to be born in luxury and be fanned with the breath of flattery.

The stern wind of unsparing criticism is often needed to open our eyes to our own follies, and to drive us back from courses that would lead us into certain dangers and possible destruction. One of the loving offices of the Holy Spirit is to reveal to us our sins and to head us off from following a course that seems pleasant to ourselves, but "the end thereof is death."

Head-winds of adversity strengthen the sinews of the soul. There was pretty severe practice at the oars that night in that Galilee gale. God's great object in the school-life of this world is to develop character. "Count it all

joy," said the stalwart Apostle James, "when ye fall into divers trials. Knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience." Afflictions are sent not only to punish the faithless, but to make the faith of the true saint more vigorous.

Another benefit of contrary winds is that they make us more watchful. There was no sleeping on board of that little fishing smack during that night of tempest; even the three disciples who slumbered in Gethsemane were wide awake then.

Adversities awaken us to our dependence upon God. When we are full we are too apt to forget God, just as the foolish Prodigal Son, as long as his money held out, forgot his kind old father. His hungry stomach and his gnawing conscience set him to thinking about the dear old homestead and the loving father whom he had forsaken. The Psalmist tells us that when the Lord "slew the children of Israel, then they inquired after Him and they returned and sought God earnestly."

The hour of a Christian's extremity is the hour of Christ's opportunity. At the right moment the Master comes treading over the billows and says above their roar, "Be of good cheer! It is I; be not afraid!" As soon as He sets His foot upon the deck the wind dies out into a peaceful calm. O ye who are breasting a midnight sea of trouble, open the eye of faith and behold the approaching Son of God!

Receive Him into the ship. No vessel can founder or sink with Christ on board. No struggling soul ever went down when the Son of God had set His divine foot within it.

Let the hours of darkness come

and let the head-winds blow, if Jesus only comes to us through them and we can hear the thrilling notes of His voice, "It is I; be not afraid!" our little craft shall yet reach the shining shore, and we shall cast our crowns at the feet of Him who brought us through the tempest.

"If through unruffled seas,
Towards heaven we calmly sail
With grateful hearts, O Lord, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm
Which drives us *nearer home!*"

—*Dr. Cuyler.*

The Desired Haven.

So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psa. cvii: 30.

This description of a storm (verses 23 to 30), stands unrivalled for brevity, accuracy and sublimity. No ancient poet, no modern writer, ever produced its equal. But the words are not written to assert and maintain a supremacy in the literature of the world; they are for the hope and comfort of the needy.

I. THE PORT. "Their desired haven." Comforting view of heaven this! 'Tis a haven; not an "undiscovered country," not a desolate coast chafed by storms, and strewn with wrecks and lifeless bodies. Not a bold, iron-bound shore, where mighty mountains rise, and mighty billows roar, to come too near to which is to be lost; but a *haven!* Entrance ample, water deep, anchorage secure, may be taken in all weathers; no blinding haze, no dreary night, no want, no sin. 'Tis a *desired* haven. There is not an adult soul

in heaven but intensely desired its rest and bliss on earth (Heb. xi: 13, 16).

"Jerusalem, my happy home," etc.

II. THE PILOT. "He bringeth them"; not He driveth, as if behind; nor draweth, as if from some far-off spot, as the pole draws the needle of the compass by a cold and mighty attraction; but He *bringeth*, as the reaper bringeth the sheaves, as the child bringeth the blind on their way, like darkness led by day; as the shepherd bringeth the sheep; as the mother bringeth her babe; so Jesus bringeth! Not ahead to draw, not astern to drive, but on board to bring? Oh! is He not a pilot? He sounded the channel, took the bearings, mastered the details, made the chart, and now goes in company with the believer to perform the voyage. You ask who erected the beacon, placed the light-ship, anchored the buoy? Christ, all Christ. When He came He found nothing done. He did *all*, and did that *all alone!* Christians are but *travellers*; Jesus was the *way-maker*. They but pathfinders; He the path itself. Other pilots receive large helps from others, surveying ships, etc., etc.; Jesus found no helpers. While others played, He worked; while they slept, He prayed; while they scorned, He blessed; when they took up stones, He meekly replied, "For which of my good works do ye stone me?"

"Oh, Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?"

He unites the pilot and commander in one; never leaves nor forsakes. Oh, come to Him; "He bringeth," He only; He bringeth *unto*. None founder under His command; no wrecks are found on either side of those fair head-

lands, owing to the incompetency of the pilot; no fog can baffle, no false signal can allure—'tis a friendly shore.

III. THE PROVIDENCE. "So." "His way is perfect." 'Tis not so *short* as you would like it, nor so *easy*, nor so pleasant, but it is "so." Sometimes He brings to wits' end, makes men to stagger, and the great billows which they think will bury them only lift them higher up into safety and peace.

"Trials make the promise sweet,

Trials give new life to prayer,

Trials bring me to His feet.

Lay me low and keep me there."

He leads by the way of His own walking as well as His own making; His people, therefore, must not murmur. Oh, come to Him; trust in His death (Isa. liii) on the cross as an atonement for your guilt. Take Him for your guide and portion; "so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (II. Pet. i: 11).
—Rev. H. T. Miller.

The Broken Propeller.

A steamer belonging to the Cunard Line was on her voyage across the Atlantic, when some serious injury befell her crank shaft. A consequence of this disaster was to convert a portion of the shaft into a gigantic flail of steel, weighing many tons.

The result of an injured propeller, or a broken shaft, is to make the engines "race;" that is to say, finding no further steadying resistance in the gyrations of the screw, they go at enormous speed, and furnish the surest indication to the engineer that something is wrong. The "racing" of

the engines of this steamer communicated a furious movement to the arm of steel just abaft the engine-room.

This frightful whip of metal, wielded by the engines, revolved at a tremendous speed, and the scene presented in the engine-room baffles description. Iron and steel were knocked to pieces. A supporting pillar of wrought iron, a foot in thickness, was broken in two, and one piece, weighing a ton, was bitten out, so to speak. Right and left this terrific flail was dealing destruction, filling the atmosphere with sparks and smoke from its crashing blows, and raising a deafening uproar.

It was very soon understood that if the fearful thrashing movement was not arrested by the stoppage of the engines, the ship's plates in the neighborhood of the whirling body of steel would be beaten out, and that she would sink like lead.

It so happened, however, that the brake which controlled the vast piece of mechanism was situated within two feet of the revolving mass. Clouds of scalding steam hid it from view, and the storm of sparks which were thrown up threatened death to any man who approached the spot.

Andrew Lambert, the second engineer, was on duty in the engine-room. He was standing a distance of about thirty feet from the brake when the crank broke, and instantly perceived that if the ship was to be saved, the engines must be stopped. The brake was invisible; the rush of steam was suffocating; and the thunderous commotion of the racing engines, and the violent crashing sounds of the rotating mass of metal, produced a clamor sufficient to daunt the bravest heart.

But this heroic man, dropping

on his knees, fearlessly crept through the blinding vapor and sparks, feeling his way as he moved, till he was so close to the whirling flail that the wind of it was like a hurricane upon his face, and then still groping with his hands, he grasped the brake, and the engines were quickly stopped. He was badly scalded about the face and hands, but otherwise not injured. He had risked his life to save the ship. All on board that ship owed their lives, instrumentally, to the self-forgetting, self-sacrificing heroism of this man in a moment of supreme peril.

Lambert's own life was in danger in common with all on board the ship, but none the less should the heroism of his act be acknowledged. He saved himself as well as others, but he might have lost his own life and saved the ship, so that the act involved special risk to himself, and we may truly say, with little qualification, "he risked his life to save the ship."

May we not have our thoughts raised by such examples of self-sacrifice to the contemplation of One, whom, alas, we are tempted to forget, but whose self-sacrificing devotion demands from us a return of gratitude which eternity itself will not enable us to pay? His self-sacrifice was unqualified. He needed no salvation for Himself. He emptied Himself of His divine glory and took a servant's form and a servant's place in order to save us by His death upon the Cross.—*Friendly Greetings.*

Our Pilot.

It was night on the water. We had not given a thought to the subject of pilotage, but when we went up on deck there he was in his little round house patiently

steering the steamer through the thickening shadows. Ahead flashed guiding rays from the lighthouses along the coast. Beyond this part of our voyage was the wide open sea, stars above and a heaving waste of water below. If the lighthouse failed to guide us then who would direct our course? Behind us was the man in the dark carefully steering.

How faithfully he was watching! Did another vessel show its lights? Were we afraid it might come on carelessly? He was on watch and would safely steer. Did a mist gather? He was guiding. Did we hear a danger-signal echoing hoarsely over the sea? There was our pilot. We went below. We turned into our berth. We slept secure because all night an eye was looking out into the dark and a vigilant hand was on the wheel. We trusted our pilot.

Do we trust our heavenly Father in that way? He is ever looking ahead. One of His characteristics as we know Him takes its name from that fact, *providence*. He sees storm and danger approaching. He knows the end from the beginning. It is a blessed thought that all our lives lie in the hollow of His hand, and He sees all the winding, the intricacies, the danger-points in our short, hasty lives. All things are open to His sight.

He not only sees, but He guides. Our Father's hand is on the wheel. We have become so accustomed to His care that our appreciative sense is blunted. It is an invisible care. This agency is more shrouded than that of the pilot in the steamer. Still God is there, His hand on the wheel, steering, guiding, not without sympathy with us in our perplexities. How can we forget the revelation of God made to us in

the Lord Jesus Christ? It is divine sympathy expressed in a human face beaming with compassion, a human voice tenderly calling, a human hand warm with the instinct of brotherhood. Yes, it is Jesus abiding with us in the boat. Oh that we may commit our sharp, human necessities, our fears, our longings, all things, into the hands of Christ! As we strike the open sea, as we feel the breath of the cold night-wind and the toss of the uneasy waters, as we hear the cry of the storm arousing our fears, may we implicitly trust this divine Pilot who said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—*Edward A. Rand, in American Messenger.*

Work while it is Day.

Life is a sea; like ships we meet—

We speak each other and are gone.

Across that deep; oh, what a fleet

Of human souls is hurrying on!

We meet, we part, and hope some day

To meet again on sea or shore

Before we reach that peaceful bay

Where all shall meet to part no more.

O great Commander of the fleet!

O Ruler of the tossing seas!

Thy signal to our eyes how sweet!

How sweet Thy breath—the heavenly breeze!

—*Charles Timothy Brooks, in Toilers of the Deep.*

The Smacksman's Story.

"I was one of the biggest drunkards in the fleet; every one knew what I was, and, thank God, they know what I am. I'll tell you how it came about.

"Well, you see this 'ere mission-ship comes to our fleet, and the men were all talking about it. I

was fonder a deal of the *Coper* than of any gospel ship, and I vowed I'd never set foot on her deck. But a few weeks after the mission-ship got in company with my vessel. I tried to beat off from her, but the wind held me, and I couldn't.

"By and by the mission-skipper sang out to me, 'Come aboard, and have a cup of coffee!' I didn't like to say no. It looked surly like. So I went, firmly determined to hear nothing about religion.

"We had a comfortable chat over the coffee, and then I said I'd be off. I was afeared what was to come. 'No,' said the skipper, 'we don't do it that way on board this ship. We don't have any leave without a word of prayer.' Whether or no, I had to give in, and for the first time in my life knelt in Christian prayer—though of course I didn't pray. I got up pretty quick after prayer, I can tell ye, but the words read from the Book stuck to me.

"Next day he sang out to me to come aboard again, but I said, 'Not for me; I was miserable enough yesterday.'

"For nearly a week I kept to windward of the mission-ship, and she couldn't get near me. I got on board the *Coper*, and was soon as drunk as ever. I gave the holy ship a wide berth for a long time; but one morning, I don't know how it was, I found her right close to me.

"Then the skipper came on board, and talked straight to me. He saw in a minute that I was ashamed of myself. I talked loud and big, though I'd been perfectly wretched all the time I'd been drinking.

"He saw how it was, and got me on board his ship. Then when I heard about Christ saving the

chief of sinners, I said, 'That's me,' and broke down like a baby, saying, 'If He'll save me, here goes, I'm in for it.' I tell you He did, though I was a rare bad 'un.

"Now, thank God, I'm saved, and my crew are all on the Lord's side. There's my son, and his son, three generations of us, and we're all serving the Lord, bless His name!"

The man's life bore witness to the truth of his conversion, and it was amply borne out by the evidence of his comrades in the fleet.
—*Toilers of the Deep.*

Birds on Billows.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in an account of his voyage to America in the *London Daily Telegraph*, says: "Every day we see playing around the ship and skimming up and down the wave hollows companies of lovely little terns and sea-swallows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the waste have not by any means followed us from the land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel.

"They are vague and casual mariners of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skip away again on their own free and boundless business. Yonder tiny bird, with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who lived twelve miles from a lemon.

"If his wings ever grow weary, it is but to settle on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a

time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spendrift, the milky, flying foam and the broken sea-lace which forms and gleams and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of the billow, and he flits past us at 100 knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast.

"Marvellously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared with the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea-swallow back to his roost!"

A Common Case.

During one of our Saturday night smoking concerts a few weeks ago, a stalwart young seaman followed us into the chaplain's room, and asked for a few minutes' private conversation. "Do you remember me?" he began. "I was on the deck of the so-and-so when you came aboard and read to us that Sunday afternoon. I know you were a bit disappointed. The men did not seem to want you, but I remembered every word that was said, and often I have thought about it since. I have been a regular bad one in my time, and now I want to turn over a new leaf, with God's help." As a matter of fact, the sailor was right. The Bible-reading on board his ship had seemed a complete

failure, and a dark page on an otherwise bright and happy afternoon's work. How little we know which will prosper or whether both will be alike good. The vessel has sailed, and the young seaman with her. But if God spares him, he will be back again among

us before long, and, fearful and only half determined as he is at present, we trust we shall have many opportunities of pleading with him for the Master who can make him wise and strong unto salvation.—*Rev. R. H. A. Currey.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Germany.

HAMBURG.

From the report for 1896:

The committee of the Institute, in presenting their annual report to the subscribers, are gratified in being able to state that its affairs are in a very satisfactory condition. The past year has been a year of hard work which has borne ample fruit, as witnessed by the increasing popularity of the Institute amongst all classes of seamen; and it is earnestly hoped that all who have the interests of our sailors at heart will support liberally an institution which is doing so much for their physical comfort and enjoyment, and spiritual welfare.

On the Prince of Wales' birthday a tea was given by the chairman of the Institute, to which seventy-six seamen sat down, followed by a popular concert with an audience of one hundred and one seamen and thirty-five residents.

By the hearty co-operation of the two English Churches teas were also provided on Boxing Day and New Year's Day, the attendance at each being considerably in excess of any previous year. There was, as usual, a fine Christmas tree, and a goodly number of useful presents were distributed on each occasion. Our thanks are due to Mrs. CHAPLIN and the ladies who assisted her in providing this generous supply of gifts which were, as always, much appreciated.

During the earlier part of the winter the Monday evening concerts were well attended, but owing to the strike these had to be discontinued for a time. The

same cause interfered greatly with the attendance at the Thursday evening service.

The billiard table has proved an unqualified success, and has been the means of attaching many to the Institute who probably would have sought that pastime elsewhere, and in far less favorable circumstances. At the Institute it is simply a source of innocent pleasure and the extent to which the table is used may be gathered from the fact that the receipts for the year amount to nearly £14.

One of the most useful branches of the work of the Institute is the Sunday teas, and the increased attendance during the year shows that they are greatly appreciated. By means of them a larger attendance is assured at the evening service, which is bright and helpful, and which has proved a blessing to many. Indeed, these teas have proved so successful that the committee have decided to defray the cost from the general funds of the Institute, and hope that this may prove an incentive to many to solicit further contributions from their friends, which should be transmitted to the treasurer.

Temperance work has not been neglected. In addition to the weekly meetings, at which the attendance has shown a gratifying increase, a special meeting has been held when thirty-six were present; and many of those who have been induced to take the pledge have testified what a blessing it has been to them in saving them from many of the evils which so often prove the ruin of seafaring men.

As in previous years our chairman has generously provided a boat and man twice a week to enable the missionary to visit

the ships in port. This is a very necessary branch of the work, but through lack of a steam launch many boats remain unvisited, and the committee think that the necessity now shown renders it imperative upon them to venture to incur the extra expenditure necessary for supplying a steam launch at an early date, and trust that the amount still needed will be made up by extra contributions, for the collection of which they solicit the assistance of all friends of the good cause.

The finances are in a somewhat better condition, chiefly owing to a reduction in the expenses and to increased contributions from ships and proceeds from the billiard table.

The committee desire to express their hearty thanks to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in London, and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in New York, for their continued support, and also to the many residents who in various ways have shown their sympathy with the work of the Institute.

It is with regret that the committee have to mention the resignation of three of their number, the Hon. C. S. DUNDAS, the Rev. C. E. TREADWELL, and the Rev. W. SMITH FOGGITT, necessitated in each case by their leaving Hamburg.

The following statistics show that the work of the Institute is carried on energetically, and that its sphere of usefulness is being extended:

Number of ships visited, 1,541; general attendance of seamen, 12,939; attendance at Sunday services, 1,683, weekday, 327, Sunday teas, 702; letters written by seamen, 1,095, received, 694; visits paid to hospitals, 65; sick men thus looked after, 181; tracts distributed, 3,109, bundles of reading matter given away, 714,

Letters have been received by the missionary from seamen in many parts of the world, testifying to his kindly services to them whilst they were in Hamburg, and expressing warm appreciation of the benefits of the Institute.

It is always difficult, nay impossible, to speak of permanent spiritual results, for God alone knows what is accomplished in this direction; but more grain than we dare hope for often springs from the seed we sow. Influence for good cannot be expressed in figures. It manifests itself in changed lives. But we thank God that signs are not wanting that He has been blessing all branches of the work, and that He has led many to acknowledge

Christ as their Saviour, and to give themselves to Him. May we all be found faithful in God's service, and may His Spirit work amongst us mightily!

Italy.

GENOA.

Extracts from the twenty-fourth report of the Genoa Harbor Mission, 1896-1897, made by the Rev. DONALD MILLER:

During the past twelve months the total number of attendances at Church and Rest was 16,856, of which 13,944 in the British and 2,912 in the Scandinavian department of the Mission. Of the former 4,457 were at religious services, 4,678 at social gatherings, and 4,809 in the reading rooms on those evenings when no meeting was being held in the Mission Hall.

The Tuesday evening gospel meetings have been very encouraging, the average attendance throughout the year having been thirty. During the winter months Capt. CLUCAS had two or three lady-assistants at these meetings, whose earnest addresses were much appreciated by the sailors. On one occasion we had the pleasure of hearing that remarkable friend of sailors, Countess VON SCHIMMELMAN.

It is greatly to be deplored that there should still be a considerable proportion of our merchant seamen who prefer the gin shop to the Sailors' Rest, and who not only cause trouble and expense to their employers, but bring on themselves misery and degradation, if not untimely death. During the past year several men have lost their lives in this port through drunkenness. If, however, we set aside these unhappy—we are almost tempted to say hopeless—victims of drink and consider the general character of our sailors, we have no hesitation in saying that it will compare favorably with that of any other class of working men. We are often struck with their quiet and orderly demeanor at our social gatherings, and also their quick perception and intelligent appreciation of what is really good, whether in music or recitation.

On New Year's night, when one hundred and seventy-two sailors and about thirty shore friends were gathered to our usual supper, a captain was so impressed with the admirable behavior of the men and the fine tone of the meeting, that he could not help thanking them and telling them

that he felt prouder than ever of British sailors.

We have had several visits from U. S. men-of-war, and services were held on board the cruisers *San Francisco* and *Cincinnati*.

The work among Scandinavians has been both interesting and encouraging, the number of ships and men has been smaller than usual. In fact the aggregate crews of all the Swedish, Norwegian and Danish ships that entered the port in 1896 was only 1,579; and yet the number of attendances at the Rest was 2,912, and would have been more but for the missionary's two months' absence.

Mr. FARNES, our missionary, was allowed two months' leave of absence last summer to visit his parents and to attend a conference in Bergen in connection with the Seamen's Mission Society of that city, which makes an annual grant to the Genoa Harbor Mission. Very little of his time was spent at home, most of it being taken up in addressing meetings and otherwise pleading for sailors, not only in Norway, but also in Sweden and Denmark. Mr. ASCHE, the Consul General of Sweden and Norway, has, along with Mrs. ASCHE, continued to take the warmest interest in the mission, and to give much help to the missionary. But we regret that he will soon have to leave Genoa to occupy another sphere. While congratulating him on the honorary title of LL.D. recently conferred on him by the University of Genoa, we take this opportunity of thanking him and Mrs. ASCHE for the important services they have rendered in connection with the establishing and working of our Scandinavian mission; and we commend them to Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Extracts from Capt. CLUCAS' journal:

Friday, 26th June.—Notwithstanding the heat, one hundred and ten men turned up at the Rest this evening, some of them beautiful singers and musicians. I have seldom seen a more appreciative audience. I proposed that we should send a vote of sympathy and condolence to Sir DONALD CURLIE and the relatives of those who had been lost with the *Drummond Castle*. This was unanimously agreed to.

Tuesday, 7th July.—Among those with whom I conversed to-day, a young officer told me that he had formerly been serious and used to read the Bible and pray. He

was then in command of a sailing ship. But since he came into steam vessels all his goodness had fled. "Here," he said, "we cannot serve both God and our owners. If we stand to Christian principles we must go." There is unfortunately some truth in this, and owners and managers who are responsible for such a state of things would do well to ponder upon Christ's words: "It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." The young man referred to attends both our social and religious meetings. Thirty-six seamen attended the prayer meeting this evening, when an engineer gave us a very good address. At the close a young engineer signed the temperance pledge, saying he wished to be on the safe side and keep away from temptation.

Sunday, 26th July.—Accompanied a few men to the Scotch Church. Others found their way themselves. The evening service was fairly well attended, but not in proportion to the number of men in port. We have to listen to the usual excuses which the careless and indifferent make, and bear with patience the insults flung at us by the enemies of the cross of Christ.

Sunday, 30th August.—Commenced visiting at 8.20 this morning and as customary distributed a quantity of reading material while inviting the men to the services. Many made the usual excuses, but others promised to come to the Rest in the evening. Sixty-five kept their promise and were joined by seven from shore. Mr. STEWART gave a short, interesting sermon, which was listened to with marked attention. We leave the results with Him who has said that His word shall not return unto Him void.

Friday, 2nd October.—We had a splendid meeting this evening, nearly a hundred men being present, and a captain in the chair, who presided admirably and made some most appropriate remarks. At the close I gave a short address explaining the nature and object of the mission, the main purpose being the preaching of the gospel.

Sunday, 11th October.—One felt, while listening to the beautiful and hearty singing this evening, that most of the men present had been brought up under gospel influences. One of the three shipmasters present engaged in prayer, and all must have felt that it was good to be at such a meeting.

Sunday, 18th October.—On board a German Lloyd steamer I found a consid-

erable company of Christians who very gladly accepted my invitation to the evening service. There were sixty altogether at the meeting, including sailors, passengers and friends from shore, and it was made a missionary meeting. No fewer than eighteen missionaries, ladies and gentlemen, American and British, were present. Five of the gentlemen spoke, and a Hindu lady sang most effectively a Christian hymn. The meeting was a very enjoyable one.

Extracts from Herr FARNES' journal:

Sunday, May 24.—It being impossible to get the crew of a Danish ship to a service in the Rest, I resolved to hold a meeting on board. The captain, a kind man, said, "You may have my cabin, but I don't think you will succeed in getting anyone to come in." "Well," I replied, "I am sure I shall," for during the week I had awakened some interest in the men. The result was that not only the captain and officers came, but all the crew, except the watchman, the cook, and a sailor.

Wednesday, November 4.—Visited the hospital. Talked first to a sailor whose pessimistic views of mankind led him to say that there was no such thing as love or charity in the world. When a man gets his ideas of human nature from publicans and harlots it is no wonder that he finds it difficult to believe in the existence of good people. I told him that the hospital in which he was lying was a proof that there was charity in the world, and showed him what Christ had done for the sick. This man would not even let his relations know of his illness, lest it should give them sorrow. I feared it was indifference towards them, rather than consideration for them, that prevented him writing to them, and spoke to him of the comfort of having friends to share our joys and our sorrows. I left him and spoke to another sailor who is very ill. But how different! He is friendly with all. The secret of his peaceful, happy mind is, no doubt, that he believes, and prays. It was difficult to get away from him. He would not let me go. The subject of our conversation was how to maintain spiritual life when on a sick bed. I shall not easily forget the thankful expression on his face when I left him.

Sunday, December 6.—Some of the men who came to our meeting this morning have been to this port several times before in the same steamer. We are, there-

fore, good friends, and I am pleased to see that they willingly spend their free time in my company, either conversing or listening to an address. One of them, a young man of hardly twenty years, has astonished me by his great love of reading. As soon as he has finished his work he washes himself and puts on his good clothes—our sailors like to be clean and well dressed even to visit the reading-room,—comes to the Rest where, busy as a bee, he collects all he can find in newspapers and books, and stores it in his marvellous memory. He is well informed even on Madagascar politics. One of his shipmates is also a great reader, but usually of religious books. He is a very earnest man, and seems to have great influence on the rest of the crew. He is respected by them, and when he asks them to accompany him to a meeting, they generally consent. Sometimes he engages in prayer at the Rest, and he is evidently anxious to be faithful so as to obtain the crown of life.

Sunday, December 27.—Christmas is past, and with it has closed a very pleasant time for all, and especially for the missionary. He sees his work more appreciated than usually. Even those who are not accustomed to attend religious meetings are drawn to them at Christmas time. I think this feast makes us all look back on our past life, and think of our childhood. And Christmas feasts spent at home, with all their happy associations, rise in the memory, recalling the joyful songs of the new-born Christ, which we sang in the crowded church by the side of a father or a mother. To revive these memories, to become once more a child in listening to the glad tidings of the Saviour-child, and for the moment to forget hard toil with all its pain around, many a man comes at this season to the house of God. We have, therefore, had seven meetings during the last eight days, all attended by a large proportion of the men in port.

Wednesday, January 6, 1897.—We held a Christmas feast this evening. About a hundred sailors marched to music into the mission hall which was brightly lighted and decorated with flags. After a hymn, an address was given by me. Epiphany: that is the name of this day, the manifestation of Christ. He has risen as a Sun of light, purity, and joy. If He has risen on you, it is your duty to reflect His beams. Think of that when you are on board as well as when you are on shore; and when you come to a for-

eign port don't undo the Christian work going on there. Mr. ASCHE, the Consul General of Sweden and Norway, called up memories of Christmastides spent at home as boys, and asked the audience to give three cheers for our Scandinavian King, which was done very heartily. He also read two entertaining stories. Mrs. ASCHE, who had all the credit of preparing the most splendid Christmas tree I ever saw, gave us some music, and then served tea and cakes. An Italian lady touched us by playing some of GRIEG's music by heart, and an Italian singer astonished us by his powerful voice. Then came the distribution of Christmas gifts with great hilarity and much satisfaction. Some of the good givers in Norway had accompanied their gifts with a letter, the kind words of which were read over and over again, and greatly appreciated.

Monday, February 8.—A great change has taken place in a man now in the hospital. The Lord and His mighty word are really glorified in him. When he entered the hospital he was more pleased to see me go away than come. According to his ideas all men were selfish. I spoke to him of the life of Christ, and showed that He was not selfish; and I pointed to others who, thankful of what He had done for them, willingly sacrificed themselves in His service, and for the good of their fellowmen. That seemed to be new to him, for both on board and on shore the sailor generally comes in contact with the godless, and if there be any noble and generous men, he does not associate with them. My words seemed like beams of sunshine dissolving the frost of his heart. After some days he began to listen attentively to what I said to him, and even followed me to hear what I had to say at the bedside of another patient. At last he gave himself up wholly to God, and became a different man. Now he is most agreeable, has a smile and a kind word for everyone, and by writing letters and doing other little services makes himself useful to his fellow-patients. He is not ashamed to kneel down in the ward and pray before going to bed.

India.

KARACHI.

Mr. W. H. DOWLING writes on June 22:

We have been greatly encouraged by God of late, we have had some real good times and the Lord's presence has been in our midst. The chief hindrance in the work has been the plague, and on account of it we have been limited to numbers but not to power.

A short time ago a steamer arrived in port and as usual we went on board and gave them an invitation to the Rest, but were informed that they were not allowed on shore, so we went to the captain and asked permission for the men to attend the Rest. This was denied us. So my wife suggested that we should have a meeting on the ship. I went to the captain and he agreed, so on Sunday evening we went on board and found two Christian men among the number. This time the captain was very friendly to us, and proposed we should have the service on the poop-deck, but the men preferred to have it in the fore-castle, so we went down there and had a soul-stirring time. Oh how it filled my heart with gratitude to God as I heard those dear seamen sing. One man played the melodion, one prayed and gave his testimony to the saving power of Jesus. On the following Sunday we had another meeting at which all the men were present. One of the men spoke and urged his mates to accept Jesus. On Monday evening we had a social for them in the fore-castle. Mrs. DOWLING spoke a few words to them, some of the seamen sang, and we spent a most enjoyable evening. Before leaving the port the captain expressed his thanks for the way we had helped to make the burden of those seamen lighter.

Number of ships, &c., in port since last statement, 25; religious services held in chapel, 32, on shipboard, 3, elsewhere, 6; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 20, of others, 20; religious visits on ships, &c., 50; tracts, &c., distributed, 1,000.

Argentine Republic.

BUENOS AYRES.

Mr. ALFRED T. DRYSDALE writes on April 30:

You will be pleased to hear that we have received a grant of a free site from the government, and the Sailors' Home has been selected as the object of the labors of a representative committee of British residents to erect a memorial of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Vic-

TORIA's accession to the throne. We are in confident hopes that ere long a building suited to the work carried on will be

completed, instead of the work being carried on at heavy expense and under difficulties as at present.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

SAILORS' HOME.

Capt. WM. DOLLAR preached to the steerage passengers of the *Majestic* on his recent trip to visit his kindred in Belfast, and he writes on July 8:

During the month of June the meetings went on as usual in the Sailors' Home, and Mr. ALEXANDER reports them as being fairly attended throughout. I feel very thankful to the Society for granting me leave of absence during the month, so that I could see my friends once more in Belfast. It was like "a drink of the brook by the way." It reminds us of the time when we shall meet with all our loved ones on the other shore to praise God for His kindness to us through life's dangerous voyage, beset, as it is, with rocks and shoals, and, worse than all, with treacherous calms, and unknown currents.

It has been my lot to cross the Atlantic many times, often with an anxious feeling on account of my responsibility for life and property; but for the first time in my life I crossed without care and felt a sort of freedom that is better felt than described. I would not say a word against the sea or a sailor's life, for the sea is His and He made it; and though it often threatened to engulf me, that same power that spoke to the Sea of Galilee still says "hitherto shalt thou go but no farther, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed." In the midst of fogs I could retire to my bed in perfect composure, trusting in the Lord for protection; knowing from experience in the past that there was one on board that had a burden on his mind, who needed our sympathy and our prayers at such times of danger. Let our readers remember the anxious captain in their prayers.

THE NAVY YARD.

Mr. J. M. Wood writes on June 30:

One of our brethren writes from Syria, as follows:

"I am getting along very well since we left New York. We made a long stay in

Smyrna, Asia Minor, then left for Alexandria, Egypt, and had the pleasure of visiting Cairo and gazing upon the sphinx and pyramids, then to Joppa, and twenty-five of our crew went to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Mount of Olives, and Gethsemane. A strange sight is to see the Jews assemble every Friday at the old Solomon's Temple to pray. We left Joppa for Sidon, from there to Beyrout, and since then have been cruising around the Smyrna coast. The port from which I date this letter is only eighteen miles from Tarsus, where Paul was born. I have only had opportunity of attending divine service ashore at Smyrna and Alexandria, but I am still trusting in the Lord and He will carry me through. There is no one I can depend on except my Saviour who died for me. He has promised never to leave me or forsake me. Temptations are thick and fierce all around me, but if I am faithful God will not let me be tempted above that I am able to bear, but will, with the temptation, provide a way of escape. I do praise and thank God for what He has done for me and many others in the service. My regards to Mrs. Wood. I would like to hear her sing once more in Library Hall. May God bless and keep you all is my earnest prayer."

"This beautiful evening I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that the Lord has been very good to me, and I have tried His promises and know they are true. The books you gave me are very interesting, and I greatly appreciated them."

"I am happy to state that I am progressing in the Christian life, and my heart has been full of joy since I attended the meetings in Library Hall, for there I learned the way to life everlasting. God has created within me a new heart, and by His help I shall always strive to serve Him. I shall remember always that beautiful 16th verse of the 3rd chapter of John, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' I will be glad when the ship returns to the yard again, so I can visit your meetings often."

"I am still striving to do my Master's

will daily, and beg an interest in your prayers. I want to thank you very much for the splendid comfort bag you gave me. It was the most complete outfit of useful articles I ever received. It is my earnest prayer that the Lord will bless you and yours and continue to honor your labors in the salvation of souls."

One hundred and twenty-nine comfort bags have been forwarded to me this month from Brooklyn, Holland Patent and Trumansburg, N. Y.; Newark and Glen Ridge, N. J., and Cottage City, Bryantville, Harwich, Wellfleet, Brockton, Florence, Amherst, Plymouth, Sunderland, Ware, Abington, Northampton, Wareham, Dorchester and Sandwich, Mass. Many of them contained kindly Christian letters, which will, I believe, be blessed of God in the salvation of souls. I copy two of them:

"I hope you will take as much pleasure in using the contents of this bag as my mother and I have had in sending the articles to you. This is Easter day, and everything seems bright and joyous, as is fitting on the day which commemorates Christ's rising from the dead. May He rise in all our hearts! I hope you know the blessedness of really having Him, the Saviour, dwelling in your heart. We need Him always, whether upon land or sea, but it has always seemed to me that one out upon the wide ocean must feel peculiarly helpless, unless he can trust God implicitly, and feel that the all-powerful One, who holds the seas in the hollow of His hand, is his strong Friend and Helper. I cannot close with a better wish than this, that all your life you may serve under our Captain, Jesus."

"In the office of the Life Saving Station at Block Island, R. I., framed and hanging up on the wall is this motto:

'Lord, ere we go, we trust
To Thee, our all,
Thy sea is mighty
And our boats are small,'

When the brave men commit themselves to the perils of the great and wide sea to save others, how that prayer would strengthen them. It was a beautiful thought to place it there. Perhaps many have uttered it as they passed out of that room, and found comfort in the thought that God would hear and protect them in their noble, self-sacrificing work. The sea is His, and He made it. Thou art the confidence of all the ends of the earth. They that go down to the sea in ships,

that do business in great waters, have need to trust their all into His hands, when the floods lift up their waves, and the mighty breakers of the sea surround them."

A lady in a Connecticut city sent me not long ago the finest comfort bag I have ever received, very large, and containing a very generous supply of everything a sailor needs. I sent it to an old veteran in the U. S. Naval Home in Philadelphia, a model institution built and supported by the government for men-o'-war's men who, incapacitated by reason of age or physical disability, may spend their declining days in peace and comfort. The recipient in this case is about seventy years of age, a bandmaster in the navy for many years. His English is imperfect (being a native of Sweden), but he writes me a letter bubbling over with gratitude, and it is all expressed in the closing line, "I thank that good lady of my whole heart." I should like to supply every one of the inmates of that Home with one of these bags.

At the service at the U. S. Naval Hospital this month, an audience of sixteen blue jackets were attentive and interested listeners, and when I extended an invitation to come to Christ, nine of their number signified their determination to lead Christian lives. The sailor agnostic was at this meeting also, and said he wished he could believe. We believe yet this man will be saved and make a valiant soldier in the cause.

The great-hearted Christian woman in New Jersey, who sent me a check for \$5 for the benefit of the sick in the hospital, has sent me another check for the same amount. I have delivered two crates of strawberries to the hospital and some fruit, and if the donor could hear the expressions of gratitude from the sick ones, she would feel amply repaid.

On the 11th inst. was inaugurated the initial performance of a series of entertainments to be given by the men every Friday evening in the Hall, and it was a great success. Three of these meetings have now been held, at one of which Rear Admiral HENRY ERBEN (retired) spoke very earnestly about the proposed Sailors' Rest. The Admiral was very happily introduced by Lieut. Commander A. P. NAZRO, who alluded to him as the officer who at a recent notable London banquet spoke so eloquently in behalf of "the man behind the gun." On Sunday evening, 13th inst., chaplain W. G. CASSARD, recently appointed and assigned to the

Indiana, gave us a very searching address on the parable of the talents.

The Japanese Bible Class held in the Hall is growing in numbers and interest, and several conversions are reported. These services are held every Sabbath p. m. at 3 o'clock, and are attended by Japanese cooks, stewards and servants employed on the various ships-of-war at the yard. On the evening of the 18th inst. Lieut. KNIGHT, of the monitor *Puritan*, delivered a very able and interesting address upon the subject of high explosives, which was listened to with great attention by the very large audience present.

We desire to express our thanks to the young people of the First Presbyterian Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y., for a large package of reading matter, and to all others who by word or deed have cheered us in our labors among the men of the sea.

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

The seventy-first anniversary exercises of the Seamen's Friend Society were held at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in the presence of a large and interested audience. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. W. S. LACY, of the Second Presbyterian Church. Colonel WILLIAM LAMB made the introductory address, giving some of the history and designs of the Society, and also a thrilling recital of the *Dictator* disaster at Virginia Beach a few years ago. Rev. Dr. W. J. YOUNG, of Epworth Methodist Church, made an address, and Rev. A. S. LLOYD, of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, made a talk prior to taking the collection, urging the establishment here of a Sailors' Rest.

Rev. J. B. MERRITT, the seamen's chaplain, reported that services have been held regularly in the Bethel and at Lambert's Point. The hospital has been visited daily; 132 Bibles and Testaments and 26,000 pages of tracts distributed; 135 men have been assisted in various ways; 59 of these at a cost to the society of \$108.20; 76 of these paid their own bills at a cost to themselves of \$143, so that it means to the men assisted about \$500. This does not include some 30 men who had meals, lodgings or clothes. Bethel collections, \$12.70; mite box collections, \$3.67.

Alabama.

MOBILE.

Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on June 1:

Number of American vessels in port since last statement, 4, all others, 42; religious services held in chapel, 7, in hospital, 4; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 17, of others, 40; religious visits to hospital, 4, on vessels, 27, in boarding houses, 2; Bibles distributed, 5, and many magazines and papers; ten seamen requested prayer for themselves.

The chaplain was absent for two weeks in attendance upon the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Charlotte, N. C., but the services at the Bethel were kept up, the regular monthly entertainment was held, and the reading room open daily. Two ladies visited the Marine Hospital twice; the first time they carried with them a bountiful supply of iced lemonade and cake and many papers; the second time they carried more papers. Another lady sent flowers to the hospital on one Sabbath morning by the chaplain, and a dear little girl of her own accord also sent some at the same time. Mrs. L. de V. CHAUDRON, Mrs. T. G. OUTLAW, Mr. PATON, and Miss RUTH WALDAUR furnished magazines and papers for the reading room. The same generous and considerate young gentleman continues to send his New York *Heralds*. Two sailors gratefully acknowledged to the chaplain the great spiritual benefit they had derived from the letters in the comfort bags given them by the King's Daughters at the monthly entertainment.

Oregon.

ASTORIA.

Rev. J. McCORMAC made the following report to the Chamber of Commerce at Portland. The Mr. STEWART referred to has been removed from his useful position.

I will undertake the task to write you a brief history of the sailor shipping business at this port since my coming here, nearly fifteen years ago. On my arrival here I found a very bad state of things indeed. There were four or five boarding houses at that time which completely controlled the shipping business, and carried things with a high hand over captains, crews and myself.

One boarding master one day met me in the street and asked me what I had been speaking to his sailors in the street for. Well, I said nothing, but I thought I'd show him before I got through; but I confess that I had more of a job on my hands than I ever dreamed of. Were it not for the help of the W. C. T. U. of Astoria, and the Board of Trade of Portland, to-day they would still have their own way here. In the meantime I had to witness sailors constantly drenched with whisky, dragged from the forecandle, and beaten and kicked about like dogs; and in some instances, I have good reasons to believe, beaten to death.

So that Astoria then had the name, and no doubt well deserved it, of being one of the worst ports in the whole world for sailors and sea captains—a perfect reign of terror. I might give one instance as a specimen: Captain FISHER, of the *Argonaut*, one day while lying in the stream here refused to allow the boarding house runners to board his vessel. They laughed at him, and while attempting to ascend the rope ladder, by the captain's order the mate cut the rope and down came the ladder and runner into the river. Enraged at the captain's audacity they discharged their revolvers at him, while the brave captain and mate replied with their rifles. A perfect chevy-chase ensued. Mrs. FISHER, the captain's wife, hearing the fray, rushed on deck and pulled the captain behind the mast while the bullets whistled around her ears. This she told me with her own lips. Bravo for the captain's lady. The attacking party finding the rifles too much for them, retired, shaking their fists at the captain and crying, "We'll remember you, sir, when you come to us for your sailors." And that was their strong point and the captain's weak one, and they knew it. I have known captains to pay \$120 a head for their sailors. The captain of the *John O. Grant* told me that his sailors cost him over \$2,000. No wonder that the boarding house robbers grew rich.

The mate of the *Viola* once wrote me the day before the ship started to sea that they had just put a man on board from a local boarding house bearing the name of JOHN SMITH, and the way that he got the name was this: The boarding house runners tempted him to leave his ship, the *Cambrian*, the day previous, and leave \$75 behind him that was due him. He had just eaten one meal in the boarding house when they said to him that one of

the sailors, JOHN SMITH by name, was down town somewhere, and when he came in it would be all right if he would ship in JOHN's name. He did so, and then they asked him to help to row the boat that was taking the sailors out to the *Viola*. When they got him on board they called out his name and bid him good-bye as one of the crew of the *Viola*. So all that the poor fellow had for \$75 he left on the *Cambrian* and \$75 he paid in advance was his dinner in the boarding house and the new and strange name of JOHN SMITH.

And yet that was better than to be beaten to death. As soon as they get the sailors in their dens they can persuade them, or force them, to do almost anything. Once they persuaded their sailors to board the ship *Buccleuch* and take four sailors off who had shipped in Portland, on the trumped-up plea that they had shipped under wages. The sailors seeing the gang coming fled to the captain for protection. He locked them up in his cabin. Being defeated they were mad and stripped the forecandle bare, carrying all of the sailors' dry clothes and night-clothes back with them to the boarding houses. Captain JOHANSON entered suit against them, and had his lawyer been as honest as he was capable he would have sent them to the penitentiary, but instead of that they gave bail and walked the streets with a high head, while the second mate of the *Buccleuch* and several of the crew were locked up in jail as witnesses for three months until court met. When the court did meet the whole thing was thrown out of court.

Such was Astoria's justice to sailors and ships at that time. But, thank God! that time is gone, and gone forever, we trust. Our laws for the protection of sailors even then were good, indeed excellent; but the most excellent laws are but as straws when there is no one to see to their execution and indict offenders. This was the fix we were in then. By the acknowledgment of all we had the very best sailor protection laws, but no one to see to their execution.

The history of those laws is deserving of mention here, for it reveals a struggle by the friends of sailors, both in Astoria and Portland, that should never be forgotten. The enemies and opposition to any such in Astoria were so powerful—a very Gibraltar—that to many it seemed a folly to attempt a remedy by law at all. When I first appealed to the Astoria W. C. T. U. on the subject they appointed a

committee of three, of whom I was one, to consider the matter. The principal member, an elder in the church, said, "There is no use trying laws; the sailors have always been abused, and they always will be, until the end of time." I replied to this, I confess, in no Christian spirit, and made an humble apology afterward for it. The result of our meeting was, however, a petition to Governor PENNOYER, and a bill gotten up by our elder-committeeman for the relief of sailors, both of which the governor sent to the legislature highly recommended.

It was too late for that legislature, and well it was, for at the next session Portland's influence was overwhelming at Salem, and through the indefatigable efforts, night and day, of the noble Captain NOYES, Mr. QUACKENBUSH and others, a far stronger and better bill than ours became our present most excellent law; but there was one section of it that, so far as Astoria was concerned, rendered all the rest nugatory. That section says, "The mayor and council of Portland and Astoria, respectively, shall appoint and pay an officer to see to its execution."

When a committee from the Astoria W. C. T. U. ladies requested the mayor to comply with this section of the law and appoint the officer, he said, "No. If we should appoint a man and give him \$75 per month, he would soon make another \$50 a month by it." This was the same as saying, If we appoint a man he will be a boodle man and he will have a boodle bag on his back, and he will take so much boodle from these fellows that he will soon make \$50 a month by it. The mayor said this instead of saying "Ladies, you were the first that made a move for this law and I will give you the privilege of nominating the man for this office, and I will do all that I can to have him elected."

So sure were the boarding house gang of having the mayor and council on their side that JOHN GRANT, of the Grant sailor boarding house, intended to apply for the office. So our fine law becomes a dead letter for want of some one to indict offenders and see to its execution.

This was the condition of things, while the boarding house keepers grew bolder and worse than ever, till the raid on the *Bucclench*. That raid was the last straw that broke the camel's back and led to a complete overthrow of the boarding house gang here. I then thought that as Astoria would do nothing I'd apply to Portland. I got up a petition to the Portland

Board of Trade with about thirty names on it (I could have gotten three hundred) to send us some one to look after offenders and see to the proper execution of our laws. They very kindly sent us Mr. STEWART at their own expense of, I think, \$1,200 a year. Of Mr. STEWART I have only to say they could not have possibly sent us a more capable or faithful officer. In the face of the greatest opposition, and oftentimes in the face of the greatest danger, he has seized them and taken them to Portland before the lamented Judge DEADY, who in every case gave them the full benefit of the law. I might mention only one case to show Mr. STEWART's fearlessness and fidelity. Offended with one of our captains, the gang employed a thug who made an attack one evening upon the captain and gave him a terrible beating.

Later on this same thug, with the boarding masters at his back, went to the Union Pacific dock to take a crew off a ship that was lying there. Mr. STEWART, as always, was on hand, he being on board of the vessel when the gang came down. When the man came on board to take the crew (the crowd from the boarding house were on the dock), Mr. STEWART promptly arrested him and placed him in irons. On leaving the ship with the man in charge, and on entering the crowd on the dock, he said, "Gentlemen, I'm an officer of the United States and this man is my prisoner," and raising his revolver, "the first one of you that interferes he is a dead man." And they didn't, because, I suppose, as the bully once said of General JACKSON, "They saw shoot in his eye."

This is a specimen of Mr. STEWART's treatment of violators of our laws, till, indeed, he has completely cleaned out the boarding houses and gangs, driving them to Portland, Tacoma and elsewhere, till at the present time, by the acknowledgment of all sea captains, Astoria, that was once the worst, is now among the very best ports in the world.

Washington.

SEATTLE.

Rev. THOS. REES writes on June 1:

No great change from month to month; there may be some improvement, but not in shipping, the trade to Alaska is perhaps a little brisker than usual; outside

of that I see no marked improvement. Our meetings are on the gain in numbers and interest. Seven rose for prayers; six conversions; one sailor man between fifty and sixty; he has had a hard fight with old habits, especially tobacco; he said last night he was going to be victorious over this too; he has used it for forty years; I am persuaded he is going to be a victor. We have quite a number of sailors who go and come on their trips to sea who were converted here and make it their spiritual home while in port. It rejoices my heart to have them kept by divine grace and to hear their testimony of conflict and victory; it is enough to make a man praise God forever.

I have made two visits to Port Blakely this month; on my first visit there were nine ships, on my second there were six. I gave them a portion of reading matter, and had a goodly number at the evening services.

I have had a sore throat for two weeks; I believe I strained the nerves singing so much on the street. Oh how my heart goes out for the hundreds of young men who seem to be drifting to perdition in these western cities; scores of them are sailors working along shore. They gather round us by hundreds, and as I look at them and see the marks of debauchery, it does seem as if my heart would break, especially when I remember the splendid possibilities that lie before many of them. Oh, God, save them for Jesus' sake.

Number of American ships, &c., in port since last statement, 13, all others, 2; religious services held in chapel, 55, at Port Blakely, 2; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 6, of others, 41; religious visits made to hospitals, 3, on ships, &c., 41, in boarding-houses, 8; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 1, tracts, 140.

The Planets for August, 1897.

The MOON will run over part of the Pleiades on the morning of August 20, 4 to 5 a. m.

MERCURY will be visible low in the west just after sunset the last week of the month.

VENUS will be visible as a very bright object in the morning.

MARS will not be well visible.

JUPITER will not be visible.

SATURN will be visible the first half the night in the south and southwest.

Princeton.

T. R.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JUNE, 1897.

Total arrivals..... 152

Receipts for June, 1897.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, balance of bequest of Pallas Wheeler, late of Providence, per Henry R. Davis and John W. Danielson, executors...\$1,000 00

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, Second Congregational Church..... 27 18
Derby, First Congregational Church. 12 25
Suffield, First Congregational Church 7 27

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Class No. 54 in Tompkins Ave., Sunday School, per Archie M. McNeil, treasurer..... 3 00
Church of the Pilgrims, additional. 2 50
Millbrook Inn, Mrs. J. W. Auchincloss, proceeds of a fair held by her two little daughters, for libraries..... 40 00
New York City, collections on White Star line steamers, received per H. Maitland Kersey, agent..... 125 00
Collections on steamers of the International Navigation Co.'s lines, per H. G. Phillips, cashier..... 96 57
Brick Presbyterian Church Sunday School, for library..... 20 00
Wm. H. Webb..... 15 00
Rev. Dr. Wm. T. Sabine..... 15 00
Augusta B. Storer..... 10 00
John K. Cilley..... 5 00
Capt. A. L. Shaube of ship *Sea Witch*, for library work..... 5 00
A friend, for the work of the Lord among seamen..... 2 00
Peekskill, Sunday School First Presbyterian Church, for library..... 25 00

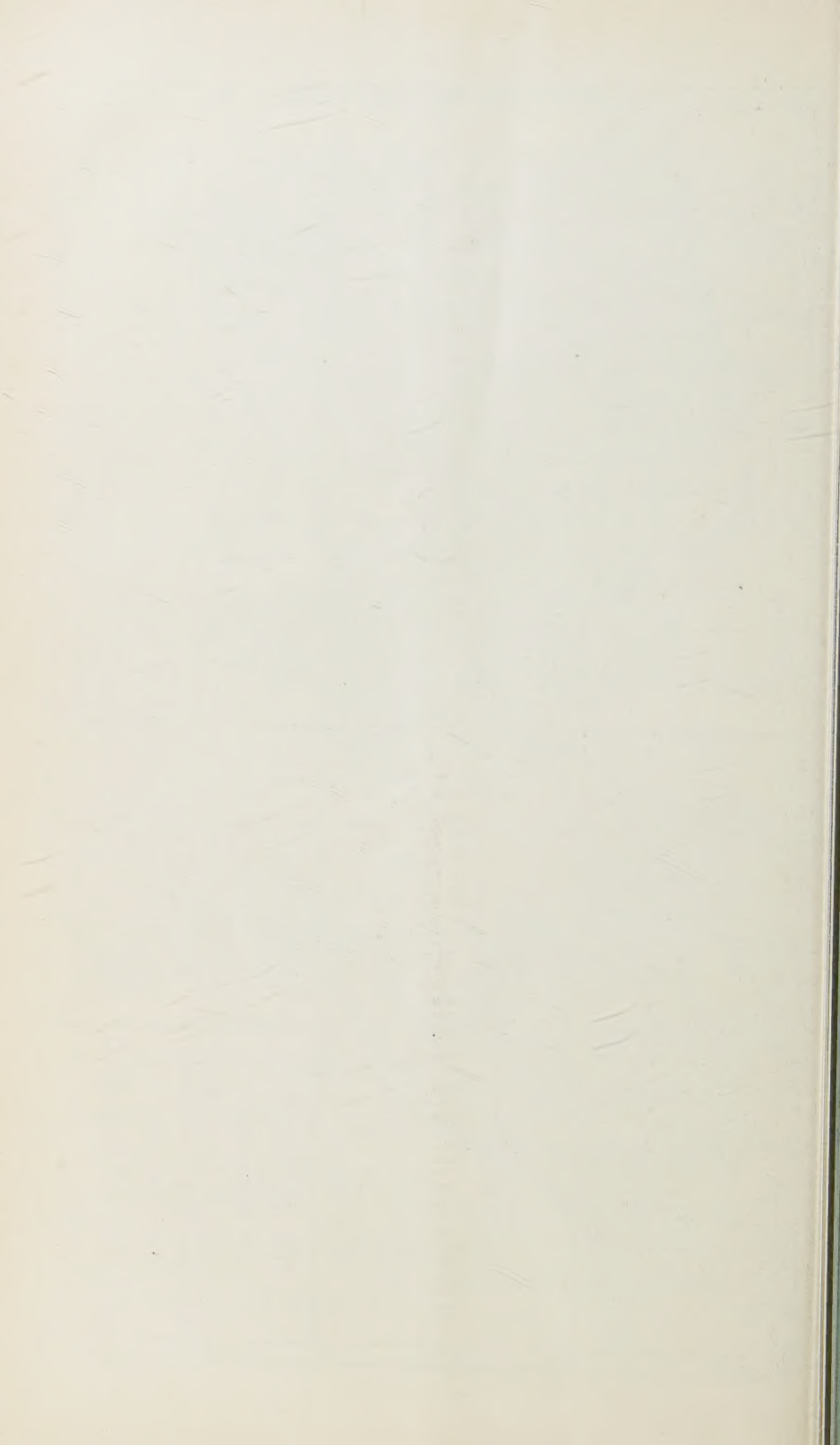
NEW JERSEY.

Franklin Park, Reformed Church.... 11 63
Hackettstown, legacy of Sarah A. K. Osborne, late of Hackettstown, per S. B. Darnell, executor..... 50 00
Newark, Third Presbyterian Church. 65 85
The Bruce Street Chapel, Morning Sunday School, for library..... 20 00

CALIFORNIA.

Santa Barbara, Benjamin Douglas... 5 00

\$1,563 25



SWEDEN, Helsingborg.....	Rev. N. P. Wahlstedt.
" Stockholm.....	J. T. Hedstrom.
" Sundsvall.....	Rev. E. Eriksson.
" Gottenborg.....	Christian Nielsen.
DENMARK, Copenhagen.....	Rev. A. Wollesen.
GERMANY, Hamburg.....	British & American Sailors' Inst., H. M. Sharpe.
BELGIUM, Antwerp.....	Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams.
ITALY, Genoa.....	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller.
" Naples.....	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
INDIA, Bombay.....	Seamen's Rest, F. Wood, Superintendent.
" Karachi.....	W. H. Dowling.
JAPAN, Yokohama.....	Rev. W. T. Austen.
" Kobe.....	J. M. Harmon.
" Nagasaki.....	
CHILE, Valparaiso.....	Rev. Frank Thompson.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, Buenos Ayres.....	Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home & Miss., Rev. G. P. Howland.
" Rosario.....	Rosario Sailors' Home & Mission, George Nye.
REPUBLIC OF URUGUAY, Montevideo.....	Montevideo Sailors' Home & Mission.
MADEIRA, Funchal.....	Mission to Sailors & Sailors' Rest, Wm. Geo. Smart.
GLOUCESTER, Mass.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Inst., Rev. E. C. Charlton.
CONNECTICUT, New Haven.....	Woman's Sea, Friend Soc'y of Connecticut, Rev. [John O. Bergh.
NEW YORK, New York City.....	Capt. Wm. Dollar.
" Brooklyn, U. S. Navy Yard.....	J. M. Wood.
VIRGINIA, Norfolk.....	Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.
NORTH CAROLINA, Wilmington.....	Wilmington Port Society, Rev. Jas. Carmichael.
SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston.....	Charleston Port Society, Rev. C. E. Chichester.
FLORIDA, Pensacola.....	Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman.
GEORGIA, Savannah.....	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
ALABAMA, Mobile.....	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
LOUISIANA, New Orleans.....	New Orleans Port Society, Rev. R. E. Steele.
OREGON, Portland.....	Portland Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. A. Robinson.
" Astoria.....	Rev. J. McCormack.
WASHINGTON, Tacoma.....	Tacoma Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.
" Seattle.....	Seattle Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. Thos. Rees.
" Port Townsend.....	Pt. Townsend Sea, Friend Society, C. L. Terry.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 104 Market St	Seamen's Aid Society.....	James F. Slaughter.
BOSTON, Mass., N. Sq., Mariners' House	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	Capt. J. P. Hatch.
" Sailors' Christian Home.....	Lad. Beth. Soc., N. Bennet St.	George Smith.
" Charlestown, 46 Water St.....	Epis. City Mission.....	John Allen, Supt.
" East Boston, 120 Marginal St.....	" " " " " " " "	James M. Battles, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., 14 Bethel Court.	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	E. Williams.
NEW YORK, N. Y., 190 Cherry Street..	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.....	F. Alexander, Lessee.
" 52 Market St.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	H. Smith.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., 172 Carroll St.....	Scandinavian Sailors' Home.	Capt. C. Ullenas, Supt.
" 112 First Place.....	Finnish Luth. Sea. Home..	
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " " " " "	Capt. R. S. Lippincott
BALTIMORE, Md., 418 South Ann Street	" " " " " "	Miss Ellen Brown
" 1737 Thames St.....	Port Miss., Woman's Aux'y	Capt. J. C. Abbott, Supt
		Miss Aisquith, Matron.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilmington Port Society...	
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 Market St.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Capt. H. G. Cordes.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	N. O. Sea. Friend Society..	Halvor Iverson.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	S. F. Sea. Friend Soc'y.....	Capt. Melvin Staples.
PORTLAND, Ore.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	
NEW HAVEN, Conn.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt

Location.	Aided by	Missionaries.
PORTLAND, Me., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	Rev. F. Southworth.
BOSTON, Mass., 332 Hanover St.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" Walter J. Swaffield
" Bethel, 287 Hanover St.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
" East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
GLOUCESTER, Mass., 6 Duncan St.....	Gloucester Fish'rmen's Inst.	" E. C. Charlton.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass.....	New Bedford Port Society	" E. Williams.
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Bethel, 61 Water.	Woman's Sea. Friend Soc'y	" John O. Bergh.
NEW YORK, N. Y., Catharine c. Madison	New York Port Society.....	" Samuel Boul.
" 128 Charlton Street.....	" " W. S. Branch.	Mr. John McCormack.
" 34 Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	Rev. A. R. Mansfield.
" 665 Washington Street.....	The Sea. Christian Ass'n...	
" No. 341 West Street, N. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" W. A. A. Gardiner.
" 21 Coenties Slip.....	" " " " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
" 53 Beaver St.....	Finnish Lutheran Sea. Ch..	" V. K. Dorchman.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard..	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	Mr. J. M. Wood.
" 31 Atlantic Avenue.....	New York Port Society....	
" 193 9th Street, near 3rd Avenue..	Dan. Ev. Luth. Sea. Miss'n.	Rev. R. Andersen.
" Erie Basin.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Isaac Maguire.
" Scandinavian Seamen's Church,		
" William St., near Richard St....	Nor. Luth. Sea. Mission....	" Jakob Bo.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., c. Front & Union.	Presbyterian.....	" H. F. Lee.
" N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts.	Episcopal.....	" Francis W. Burch.
" Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	
" Washington Ave. and Third St...	Methodist.....	" W. Downey.
" Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, Md., Aliceanna & Bethel Sts	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" G. W. Heyde.
" No. 815 S. Broadway.....	Port Mission.....	Mr. Kirby S. Willis.
NORFOLK, Va., Water St., near Madison	Norfolk Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	Rev. J. B. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	" J. Carmichael, D.D.
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St..	Charleston Port Society...	" C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH, Ga.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" H. Iverson.
PENSACOLA, Fla.....	" " " " " "	Mr. Henry C. Cushman.
" MOBILE Ala., Church St., near Water	" " " " " "	Rev. R. A. Mickle.
NEW ORLEANS, La., Fulton & Jackson	Presbyterian.....	" R. E. Steele.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	San Francisco Port Society	" J. Rowell.
PORTLAND, Ore.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" A. Robinson.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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CHAS. A. STODDARD, D.D., *Vice-President.*

W. C. STITT, D.D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, *Treasurer.*

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94 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE II, (of the Constitution).—"The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the Gospel, and other religious blessings."

CHAPLAINS.—In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, CHILE, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLANDS, ICELAND, SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, FRANCE, ITALY, and INDIA. A list of the chaplains, who will always be ready to befriend the sailor, is given on the preceding page.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—An important part of the Society's work, and one greatly blessed of God to the good of seamen, is that of placing on board ships going to sea, libraries composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it is communicated as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to April 1, 1897, was 10,379. Calculating 12,141 reshipments, their 553,685 volumes have been accessible to more than 395,037 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools. Twenty dollars furnishes a library.

THE SAILORS' HOME, No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society, and is leased under careful, judicious restrictions. It is unsurpassed in comfort by any Sailors' Home in the world; its moral and religious influences cannot be fully estimated, but many seamen have there been led to Christ. Destitute, shipwrecked seamen are provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society resides in the HOME, and religious and temperance meetings are held daily. The Lessee receives and cares for the savings of his sailor guests and a large amount has thus been saved to seamen and their families.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this MAGAZINE.